

**The Last Hawk
Shovels Rope**

[Intro] C

C G
I hadn t seen the place since 68
F C G
When we all got high and we rolled that tape
C G
We were holed up waiting for a call from the man
F C G
Who had crashed his bike and gave birth to the band

F G
I frowned and bend in my special way
C Am
Told my daddy I was gonna teach them boys to play
F
Cause sometimes you know what you know
G
You re never gonna learn if you can t let go

C G
I m the last hawk, flying over Woodstock
Am F G C
This is my last stop fore I m on my way

C G
They say if you ve never been to Saugerties
F C G
Then you ve never heard the wind whisper through the trees
C G
Never known work till you ve worked holes in your knees
F C G
And I betcha you ve never heard any songs like these

C G
They dragged our name through the mud out there
F C G
It didn t feel right and it didn t feel fair
C G
Cause that loud rock n roll was too much to bear
F C G
For the soft-hearted poets down in Harvard Square

F G
Lee got tired, spit and swear
C Am
Went floating down the river to a rig somewhere

F

Cause sometimes you know what you know

G

You re never gonna learn if you can t let go

C

G

I m the last hawk, flying over Woodstock

Am

F

G

I can see the tree tops, praying for the rain

C

G

This is my last stop, gonna take a long walk

Am

F

G

C

Before I take my boots off, I ll see ya round the way

C

G

This may be the last I ll see

F

C

G

Of the rotten old house down in Saugerties

C

G

I was here and I made a mighty stand

F

C

G

But I may never stand right there again

C

G

Play a sweet song on these old keys

F

C

G

And hope y all might remember me

C

G

Cause all that time is here and gone

F

C

G

Won t be no one left to carry it on

F

G

From my piano bench I saw it all

C

Am

From the great ascension to the mighty fall

F

G

How could anyone know what we sang that day

C

Am

Would tear your heart apart this way

F

G

All my brothers they have flown away

C

Am

But I still got something left that I wanna say

F

It s that sometimes you know what you know

G

You ll never be free if you can t let go

C

G

I m the last hawk, flying over Woodstock

Am

F

G

I can see the tree tops, praying for the rain

C

G

This is my last stop, gonna take a long walk

Am

F

G

C

Before I take my boots off, I ll see ya round the way

(**F** **G** **C**)

(**F** **G** **C**)